

MURPHY

IS COMING

Oh-crikey good gracions where will we run,
For Murphy is coming alas we are done,
We're done to a certainty what's all we do,
There's Murphy the prea-her he is out now in flew
Across the George-chaun if he come to the millo,
To make us all convert- in the rise Green Isle,
So rise all your windows to see ere fore noon,
You'll see Murphy arrive in a large air-bellon,

CHORUS

Oh where will we wander where will we steer,
Murphy is coming oh dear oh dear,
He's going to convert us oh good luck a day,
For Murphy is coming get out of the way,

Now Murphy is coming all covered with gold,
And he'll land at the poddle hole as we are told,
Such a wonderful fellow there never was known,
He'll stir up the Gills Square & he'll take Pimlico!
To the 15 acres to preach he will steer,
Where the'll have rivers of soup & bog holes of beer,
And the way the'll have room & wout be in the dark,
I hear that the'e going for to white wash the park,

When he get into Ireland the soup oh what fun,
Like suds down a sink hole in hogsheads w'l run,
He says he's determin'd mavo-reen says pat,
To carry gold & off on his back,
Right over the land Limerick Dublin & Cork,
He will cover them all with his track & his broth,
That's Ulster & Munster & Connaught says Sam,
He will battle his way with the shank of a ham,

Now he'll give a blow out to men of great mirth,
And he'll have Soupers from every strang nation on earth,
And all sorts of games he will have them in vogue,
Then I be kiss me quick push the pin stuffle the brogue,
He'll have preacher & soupers both Dutch men & Jews,
Spanorians- Ethiopians- and great Par y Voo's,
He'll blanders Laplander- and Indian foo fangs,
Lil iepusians- Highthutians- and China wang wangs-

Now Murphy is coming and come sure he will,
All the hens ducks and asses he swears he will kill,
He'll soon be Arch. D—l or Bishop says pat,
That is if he doesn't be caught in a trap,
With his tracks and his soup Mr Murphy did say,
He'd carry O d're and far far away,
Right over the Ocean it would make him sweat,
He was coming at X Mas but has'nt come yet-

In the west the old soupers the are all going mad,
I and a l rante's daughter near Ballinafadth,
Ran away from her mother and whistled hizzie,
Saying Murphy is coming g-t out of my way.
Right over the country in or or she jogged,
Sh'ten took her labour was lost in a bog,
I and the very last word she was hea'd for to say,
In converted by Murphy get out of my way.

He'll have have hand bills [arab's] & foot bills & bills all around
To n ice you and cox you in cou-try and town,
One hundred pound he will give it is said,
For our coat short, or bre ches and five for your head,
300 he'll give for your twal't le tons.
Fourteen for your fingers and five for your nose,
And if he converts you bones body all round,
Roy will be rewarded with £ 2 000 ! [you'd never get]